

# Stay A Little Longer

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## Stay A Little Longer by newnttommy

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**Summary:**

Richie and Eddie through the years. Eddie's clothes go lighter, while Richie's clothes go darker. That aspect actually brings them closer, and they realize feelings for each other.

## Stay A Little Longer

### Author's Note:

This took for fucking ever to write. I am actually so happy with what I wrote here. I hope you guys like it too.

Just to let you guys know, there is smut, but they are seventeen. They are not children when they do anything. If you don't like it, then I guess just stop when it gets too uncomfortable or not reading it.

Again, I'm very happy with what I wrote here. Please comment your thoughts! <3

Age: 13

“What do you think?”

Eddie looks away from the garment he had been speculating to look over at Beverly. She has her pointer fingers pointing at sunglasses with flower frames that nearly covers her entire face. They are orange and red, and they match her short, light red hair. “They look nice, Bev,” he summarizes. He grins at the memory of Beverly distracting the old man pharmacist from noticing the others stealing all of the medical supplies for Ben.

“You think Bill will like them?” Beverly asks with beaming cheeks. The fresh sensation of a new relationship still circles around her, and she can’t stop grinning at the thought of her boyfriend of two months.

“He’ll like anything you wear,” Eddie assures distant-mindedly. He goes back to looking at the shirt in front of him, running his fingers along the fabric.

They were at the local clothing store. The group had been at the river skipping rocks when Beverly had come up asking for someone to join her at the store as she shops. Eddie doesn’t remember just how he

had been the chosen one, but he guesses it was either cause he was closest or cause he was the only one who didn't look like they were having a stroke.

He was at the age of curiosity, and clothes are the main source of it. He doesn't know what stole his attention. Beverly, herself, has only recently started going shopping and gaining a kind of style that every girl experiments to find at this age. When he first joined her, he had automatically raced to the boy section. He spent five minutes wondering why nothing caught his eye. He wasn't interested in any of the designs, and the fabric was uncomfortable and itchy. He had looked longingly at Beverly, who had a pink dress in her hand, and he found himself walking over to the girl section.

Don't get him wrong. He has no interest to wear a dress, a scarf, or a shirt with girly things on them. It was the touch that has him. The touch confuses him, but he was in love with it. He likes cotton. He likes silk. They feel good against his skin, and it provided him a sense of clean, bright, and pure.

The second aspect to come to mind was colors. He likes pastel colors more than any others. They are soothing and soft colors that bring him comfort. His favorite was pink, and he was scared to admit it. He was scared to admit to his mother, who bought him shirts whenever she has the money, that he doesn't like boy shirts. They are too itchy, and they didn't feel right. He didn't want to tell her that he'd rather pink than blue. He couldn't get himself to say it aloud though. All the other boys wore itchy boy clothes, and they wore dark colors. That's what boys wore, and he hated it.

"You like that shirt, Eddie?"

Beverly's voice kicks him out of his thoughts, and he looks at the shirt he's feeling, and he winces as he sees that it's a pink shirt with a floral design wrapped around its collar. He shrinks as he turns to meet her judging eyes.

He's confused when he sees that not a spec of judgment was in Beverly's blue eyes. She was looking at him with no reflection of a dominant emotion with a smile, which gave off a sense of neutrality. Eddie tries desperately to find something in her face, but she gave

nothing away.

Eddie bites his lip. "Um, yeah, I do. I like the texture," he squeaks out.

Beverly smiles, grabbing the end of the shirt as well. She nods in agreement. "I agree. I feel bad for you boys. I don't know how you guys don't just scratch your skin right off your bones," she jokes with a quick touch to Eddie's shoulder to feel at his shirt.

"Yeah," Eddie says clearing his throat. Beverly is still staring at him, and it makes his skin crawl.

"What's your favorite color?" Beverly asks.

Eddie inhales deeply before answering, "Blue."

"Eddie?"

The voice is sweet and careful, and Eddie looks up at her from under his eyelashes. Beverly is looking at him with a raised eyebrow and a tilted head, somehow quietly challenging him to lie to her again. Eddie closes his eyes.

"Pink."

Beverly's face breaks out in a wide smile, looking like a cat that caught the canary. She takes Eddie's hand in hers, guiding him through the displays. Eddie follows willingly, curious to know what she was showing him.

They do a few twists and turns, and Eddie nearly trips over a fallen shelf. He bumps into the redhead when she suddenly stops, and he looks at where she is looking.

In front of them is a counter full of pink collared shirts. They all ranged from light to dark pink, and Eddie reaches instantly to run his fingers over the collar. He looks up at Beverly, who is smiling at him.

He smiles back at her, and he takes three shirts and searches for a changing room.

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Age: 15

“That looks so cool!”

“Did it hurt?”

“My mom would have my head if I did that.”

The losers club were huddled in a circle in a large, grassy area. They circled Richie, who had the brightest grin on his face, loving every minute of the attention. He displays the black and red ink that sit permanently on his forearm. He swats Mike’s intruding finger. “Don’t get it infected, genius!” he huffs.

“I honestly thought you could no longer surprise me, but,” Stanley exhales in wonder. “Here you are. Taking me by surprise again.”

“Wh-where you did you g-get it duh-done?” Bill asks in bewilderment.

“I heard a few highschoolers talking about getting tattoos of their own, and it ended up being some guy with his own tattooing equipment. He didn’t care how old you were as long as you paid him,” Richie explains with a shrug. He smiles down at his tattoo, feeling superior amongst his friends.

Eddie stands dead silent only five feet away from the huddle. His heart beats a million a minute as he takes in the sight of the familiar word now stained on Richie’s skin.

Los(v)er

He looks down at his own forearm, remembering the weight of the cast that spread from his wrist to his elbow. Greta had written the word ‘loser’ on it after tricking him with a smile and a promise to sign his cast. He had gone home and written a ‘v’ over the ‘s’ to make it say lover instead. That was the same day when he realized that his friends meant more to him than anything else in the world.

Now it was tattooed on Richie’s once pure, white skin. In the same

spot, written in the same way, and in the nearly exact same penmanship. Some would have said it was an exact replica. His rebellious act was now stained on Richie forever.

He's not the only one who noticed. He senses eyes on him, and he follows the gaze to meet Beverly. She was standing near Bill, and she was smiling knowingly at him with a raised eyebrow. Eddie's stomach twists at the fact that this wasn't his imagination. This wasn't his brain reaching for strands of the impossible. Richie had actually gotten something of him inked on him permanently, and Eddie has to try to remember how to breathe. His heart beats hard against his chest, and he fears that someone could hear it.

It's not until the losers lost interest and are doing their own thing, that Eddie decides to go to Richie. Richie was sitting in the tall grass gingerly applying some gooey substance to his tattoo. Eddie takes a second to take in the sight of Richie's serious face, which includes his eyes squinted up and his tongue slightly peeking out through his lips.

His legs are shaking as he sits down next to the taller boy, earning him a smile. Richie spots something on his shirt, and he gestures to it. "I like your shirt."

Eddie glances down at his attire, and he sees that he was wearing a light pink shirt with a stitched rose on the upper left patch. When he started wearing pastel colors, no one commented on it. In fact, he would've thought no one noticed until Richie took a double-take at his brand new light pink collar shirt. He had expected some biting remark, but instead he got a 'You look exceptionally cute today, Eds' and later on, 'You should wear that color more often'. He made sure to do that.

"Thanks," Eddie says with blushing cheeks. He stretches his neck to look over Richie's shoulder in order to see the tattoo better. Richie complies by turning around to where they are facing each other now. His prideful grin was back on his lips, and Eddie forgets that he's looking at the tattoo and not Richie.

"Isn't it cool?" Richie tells him. "It hurt like a bitch, but it was so worth it."

"I'm glad it hurt! You shouldn't have gotten a tattoo at age fifteen, dipshit," Eddie remarks with a shove. "Especially by some dude living in a shack that somehow got the money to buy his own tattoo equipment," he scolds.

"Okay, Doctor Ruin-the-fun. I had heard about someone who got a tattoo from the same guy, and their tattoo came out just fine," Richie defends himself.

"Oh, by all means then! As long as *their* tattoo came out okay. Should've gotten another one. One that says 'stupid' and put it on your forehead," Eddie quips with a tap on Richie's forehead.

"You're being rude to someone who got something for you tattooed on them," Richie says after slapping at Eddie's hand.

Eddie freezes to the bone. "It was *for me*?"

"Of course, dumbass," Richie responds with a lack of heat. Richie looks away from him. "I...You made a pretty big sacrifice all that time ago. I-I want to be as strong as you one day."

Eddie's mouth becomes dry as a bone, and he has no idea what to say to that. He observes the tattoo a little differently now. It represents something else now, but Eddie can't quite put his finger on it. It holds a link between the two of them, and it rooted deeper than any other friendship he's ever had.

He shyly brings Richie's arm into his lap, and the other boy lets him like a rag doll. He runs his fingertips over the skin around the ink, noticing goosebumps growing in his wake.

"You can touch it if you want," Richie whispers.

"Thought you didn't want to get it infected?" Eddie asks. He remembers how fast Richie swatted at Mike for trying to touch.

"You're the human version of a soap bottle. If I had to pick one of you guys to touch an open wound, I'd put my money on you," Richie answers matter-of-factly.

"Not my fault that I'm the only one who knows what soap even is,"



Eddie mutters. He brings his attention back to Richie's arm. It is a pretty good tattoo. The font was precise, and the red went well with the black. He lightly skims his fingernail along the line of the letters. He pauses for a second when Richie shivers under the touch.

"Are you going to get a tattoo?" Richie asks offhandedly.

Eddie scoffs, "I plan on getting a good job when I get older."

"A piercing then?"

"Yeah, in an alternative world where my mom wouldn't damn crucify me in the front yard," Eddie answers with a laugh. He'd take a piercing over a tattoo any day. One needle vs a hundred.

"Let's make a bet," Richie says with a grin growing wide on his lips. He watches Eddie touch his tattoo. "If you fall in love with me, you have to get a piercing."

Eddie stops his movements, breaking contact with the tattoo. He looks back at Richie with challenging eyes. Richie's eyes are huge due to how thick his glasses are, so his brown eyes dig deep into him.

A coin has two sides, similar to Eddie's feelings toward Richie. On one side, Richie was 'trashmouth' with the inability to shut up at the best of times. He was the boy he spent almost all the time bickering with, and the boy who irked him to no end.

On the other side, Richie was his best friend. Richie was the boy he ran to at a time of crisis, and he was certain Richie felt the same way. He never thought about how important Richie was to him until their lives were in danger. Richie was the arms he ran into, and he was the person he screamed for help to.

With a rapid beating heart, he declares, "Deal."

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Age: 15

"Richie, you cheater!"

Eddie kicks the fallen chair in spite, racing after the taller boy. "You can't push things over to get in the lead! That's against the rules!"

"I saw a spider on it, swear!" Richie calls after him with a loud laugh following the lie.

"And decided to throw the chair down right when I was about to pass it! You damn cheater!" Eddie screams from his distance. He picks up his speed, seeing their destination coming into view. He was just about to grab Richie's shirt to slow him down, but then they are forced to come to a stop when they get to Eddie's front door.

"I win!" Richie declares with a whoop.

"Cause you fucking cheated, dipshit," Eddie says with a scowl. He takes a moment to calm his breathing.

"No, I didn't! You're just short with small legs," Richie teases. He stands on his tiptoes for emphasize on Eddie being short. Eddie rolls his eyes, shoving hard at Richie's chest.

"Shut it, Richie! One hard kick to your leg, and you'll be down here with me," Eddie threatens. He's long gone accepted the fact that he was short, and he was going to stay short. The one time he thought he was going to catch up with the others, he had watched the next few weeks as his friends grow in height just like he had. It brought their height differences back to where it had been, and Eddie had just given up.

Richie ignores him, his attention quickly being stolen away by the insides of the fridge. He whistles, "I've seen a lot of meat in my day, and that's just in my pants."

"Richie," Eddie groans in annoyance.

"Kidding," Richie corrects. He turns back around, kicking the door shut with his hands full with ingredients. "I'm going to make my nachos you love so much."

Saliva forms in Eddie's mouth at the mere thought of Richie's food. Richie had taken up cooking not much longer after the whole Pennywise situation. Though, all his life he's been making food

himself, since it was either cook for yourself or go to bed hungry due to his parents being drunk bums in bed. Only the past year has Richie actually started looking up recipes and experimenting late at night.

Eddie was usually with him, sitting on the kitchen countertop waiting to be asked for his opinion on a new dish. There was only a handful of times where Eddie didn't like something, but that was only because he doesn't like mushrooms. Richie was a big fan of mushrooms, but he doesn't add them to his creations since Eddie didn't.

Eddie takes his routine spot on the kitchen countertop, thankful that his mother was taking a late shift tonight. One of his legs was on the counter, while the other hung down, every now and then skimming Richie's leg.

They spend most of the time bickering, while the rest of the time is spent silently. Like, right now, Richie was concentrating on cooking the beef on the stove. Eddie spends his time observing Richie's arm.

The ink has spread across his skin. The 'los(v)ers' tattoo was surrounding by curved lines, creating new designs and patterns. There was a barren tree on Richie's upper bicep with birds and stars surrounding it. It was a beautiful piece, and he's pretty sure Richie drew it with the help of Bill.

Eddie reaches over to use his pointer finger to move Richie's sleeve out of the way to see more. He notices Richie's shirt and sees that it's new. It was a Pink Floyd tank top – black of course. Ever since Richie's first tattoo, he's been wearing nothing but black and gray colors. It suited him. It fit well with Richie's tattoos and his hair, that he's recently been letting grow a bit longer than how it normally is.

"You look at them like they're brand new each time," Richie comments with no exact emotion. He flips the beef on the stove. Sizzling sounds fill the kitchen.

Eddie lets go of the sleeve like it burned him, and he glares at Richie. "Is it done cooking yet?" Eddie huffs with folded arms.

Richie pinches Eddie's cheek. "Pretty thing like you sure does a lot of

whining,” he coos. “Not sounding much like a lady.”

“I bet all the ladies whine about you,” Eddie quips back. “And I’m not a lady!”

“Yeah, they whine for my *wang*,” Richie snickers. He ruffles Eddie’s hair. “You are a lady! You’re my lady. ‘Tis why I cook for you,” he explains between giggles. He takes one of Eddie’s hands in his. “I cook for you so you don’t ruin your nail- Wait, why are they glossy?”

Eddie’s nerves go haywire, and he fights with all his might to get his hand back. He jumps off the counter to get a better angle. Richie’s grip is tight, though, and his face grows redder the harder he tries. Eddie bites his lip in embarrassment when he sees Richie scrunch his face in curiosity. “*Richie*.”

“Did you get your nails done?”

Eddie finally gets his hand back, and he takes a few cautious steps back. He hides his hands behind his back, and he keeps his gaze on the stove. He fights for breath, knowing Richie was still staring at him, waiting for an answer.

“Did it hurt?”

“W-what?” Eddie chokes out. He blinks away a tear forming in his lids. He grows the courage to look back at Richie, ready for an expression of repulsion or distant.

Nothing comes close to those things. Richie only had curiosity and interest beaming from his features.

“Did it hurt getting your nails done?” Richie asks. He angles his body to remove the now brown beef off the stove, putting it safely on the counter. It was so casual, that it made Eddie’s knees weak in relief. The atmosphere that was waving off Richie was one of solace, something that Eddie yearns to cling onto.

“When they were removing the dead skin and fixing the cuticles, it hurt a little,” Eddie explains. He walks over to join Richie, who was placing foil on a pan. He watches as Richie places chips on the foil. Eddie hands him the beef and cheese.

“Would’ve thought you would get a color,” Richie comments easily.

“Why?” Eddie asks with a brink of unsteadiness.

“You like light colors, right? I would’ve guessed you’d get light pink,” Richie says with a teasing smile.

Eddie smiles, feeling at ease at knowing that Richie didn’t judge him. It brought him closer to Richie. It was even a better feeling than getting approval from Beverly after he had asked to join her to the nail salon. Richie meant so much to him, and he doesn’t know what he would’ve done if Richie made fun of him and walked out the door in disgust. He instead got a look of understanding and questions that held no harm.

He thanks Richie with actions including helping with setting up the chips, putting them in the oven, and getting him a cup of water. The bickering between the two boys came back only a few minutes later, and they went back to acting like they had been earlier that day.

It wasn’t until they were eating the nachos, when Richie looked at Eddie and asked, “Will you paint my nails?”

Eddie chokes on a dry chip, quickly getting a napkin. “*What?*”

Richie continues eating like nothing fazed him. “You have black? I think I’d like black nails. What do you think?”

Eddie sits frozen in his chair, staring at Richie like he has three heads. “S-Sure? I think Bev gave me one.”

Richie smiles, going back to eating the nachos. Eddie lost his hunger when his nerves skyrocketed at Richie’s request. Their interaction doesn’t change. Richie still does what he always does – stealing Eddie’s food when he thinks Eddie isn’t looking. Eddie lets him take what’s left on his plate, listening to Richie rant about his history teacher hating him.

“The guy does!” Richie exclaims as he sets his plate in the sink. “I helped Michael with the essay, so we had pretty much the same answer, and the son of a bitch said I was wrong. Michael got an A!”

“Maybe he’s grading based on your personality,” Eddie taunts as he gathers the dishes and puts them gently in the sink. He nearly drops them when arms wrap around his body, and he’s pulled back in a hug.

“Eddie...don’t be mean!” Richie pouts. He presses his fingers against the counter, showing Eddie his nails. “Will you please do my nails?”

“Alright, hold your damn horses,” Eddie scolds. He finishes wiping the plates off before turning around and walking to his room with Richie in tow. He digs through his drawers, pulling out a hidden bag of nail polish. His mom was getting used to him wearing pastel colors, so he wasn’t going to push it by making her see that he had nail polish.

He only had a few colors: red, blue, pink, black, and purple. At night, he likes to polish one toe nail to see how it looked. If he didn’t like it, then he’d remove it with the polish remover. If he did, then he always wore socks over his freshly colored toe nails.

He turns around and finds Richie sitting with his legs crossed and his hand out and nose up in the air. Eddie snorts, crawling over to join him. He places a towel between them just in case. He tsks when he observes Richie’s nails, and he pulls out nail clippers to even out the nails. He has to use the small filer to scrape the gunk out from under his nails. He blanches, “Do you *ever* clean under your nails? It looks like you’ve been living in a barn.”

“Your mom wasn’t complaining about my fingers last night-“

“Shut it!” Eddie interrupts the cheeky boy. He jabs the tool in Richie’s nail bed a little more than necessary, which causes Richie to yelp in pain. Richie goes on instinct and tries to take his hand back, but Eddie tightens his hold. He finishes that hand, and he grabs the other one.

“I don’t want you doing my nails now!” Richie complains. “I didn’t think my Eddie would be so mean.”

Eddie’s cheeks redden when Richie says ‘my Eddie’. “I wouldn’t have to be mean if you weren’t so inappropriate,” Eddie bickers. He sees the nails are ready, and he opens up the black nail polish bottle. His

hand is steady as he starts on the first finger. He refuses to look at Richie. In the back of his mind, he's still wondering what Richie truly thinks about this. What does Richie think about his friend, who is a boy, wearing 'girl' colors, getting his nails done, and being able to paint his nails at his request.

As Richie goes darker with his clothes, Eddie had went lighter. Richie had swapped his Hawaiian shirts for black and gray band shirts. Eddie had changed from wearing normal primary colors to wearing light, pastel colors. What did Richie think? He's being wearing these colors for two years now, and he hasn't gotten much of a reaction from any of the losers. The only thing he got from Richie was the occasional 'nice shirt' or 'that shirt looks good on you' comment.

He clearly didn't think down on Eddie based on the deal they had made about Eddie getting a piercing if he falls in love with Richie. Their bickering had turned more...flirtatious and suggestive than before. His stomach flips at the thought of Richie gaining a crush on him because of those things. Those things including wearing lighter clothes and getting his nails done.

"You are so cute, Eds."

The 'you know I hate it when you call me that' statement doesn't quite pass his lips because he's too busy being stuck on the word 'cute'. Richie just called him cute.

"What?" Eddie gapes in bewilderment. He finished Richie's right hand, and he lets it go in favor to look at Richie.

Richie's eyes are wide, even more so than how his coke bottle glasses make them appear to be. He looked as if he was caught stealing a cookie from the cookie jar; something he meant to do or say in secret.

A small smile grows on Richie's lips after some thinking over what he was going to say. "When you're concentrating, your tongue peeks out. Cute, cute, cute!" Richie teases, pinching Eddie's cheek with his free hand. Eddie slaps the hand away, then takes it back to polish that hand too.

"You're so weird," Eddie mumbles under his breath. He had just

finished the second finger, when Richie coos at him. Next thing he knows, Richie is in his face, rubbing his nose against his own. Richie's hair lightly hits his face.

"Cute, cute, cute!" Richie laughs.

"Stop!" Eddie exclaims, working to put the nail polish away so it didn't get hit and drip on the carpet. Richie keeps going, though, he straightens up to rub his nose directly on Eddie's. Eddie puts his hands on Richie's shoulders to keep him away, but it does him no good. He finds himself pushed back on the carpet with Richie on top of him.

Richie leans back up with a wide smile on his face, fond spread across his features, "You like my eskimo kisses, Eddie spaghetti?"

"I want to dunk my nose in an anti-bacterial bottle," Eddie can't help but respond with. It was his go-to with Richie.

The room begins to still, as Eddie takes a good at Richie. Richie was looking at him with something in his eye that he's never noticed before. No words are spoken for a couple of minutes, as if the moment was something incredibly special and intimate between both boys.

He can feel the heat of Richie's body above his, and goosebumps grow across his arms and legs. His chest was pumping hard against his chest, and he worries that it was audible.

There was always something between the both of him. There was something that drew them together like magnets. There was never a time one would go for long without the other. Their eyes roamed over to meet each other's. The connection only grew after the Pennywise situation. Eddie realized how important Richie was to him. When the clown jumped from the projection, he was in Richie's arms within seconds. When the clown stalked over to them while he laid there with a broken arm, he had Richie yelling for him to look at him rather than the monster. He's never felt so scared in his life, but he's also never felt so at home and warm.

He looks back up at Richie, blushing at the way Richie was looking



down at him. He reaches up to push some hair to behind Richie's ear. Richie tilts his head to create contact with Eddie's arm. The hair on Eddie's arms stick up.

Eddie wraps his fingers around Richie's arms, that were on both sides of his head. He tightens the grip when Richie leans down and presses his lips against his.

The kiss held softness, yet was firm, which fit well with the assumption of how a kiss from Richie would be. Richie's lips are chapped, but he doesn't care much. The strawberry chapstick he wore every day softens the feeling.

He reaches up to caress Richie's cheek with one hand, while the other wraps around the back of his neck. After all this time, he was still feeling that itch he got when he touches someone. His mother yapping about bacteria and diseases swims in his head, but he forces it out. Richie's lips are on his, and his body fills up with joy and contentment. He feels so whole. He could kiss Richie forever.

The kiss ends, and both boys break away with smiles painted on their faces.

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Age: 16

"I am not walking across that."

"Come on, Eddie! It's no big deal," Stan calls from the other side of the obstacle.

"If you think I'm walking through that bacteria infested stream, you are out of your damn mind," Eddie sasses with arms crossed against his chest. He glares bullets at the water stream steps ahead of him. He squints his eyes when the wind picks up, running through his hair threatening to blow the flower crown off his head. He straightens it, lacing some strands of hair to somewhat tie it.

"It's really not that bad," Bill tries to reason. "You'll barely need to

take two steps in it. We'll wash them when we get home."

"Eds, we'll clean them," Richie pitches in. "They'll be sparkling clean in no time."

Eddie points at his shoes and shouts, "These are brand new shoes! I am not going to get them dirty only a day after getting them, jackass!"

It was true. Beverly and him had gone shoe shopping, and he had found beautiful pink converse. They matched most of his shirts, and there was no way he was going to leave the store without them. He had quickly rung up his mother, begging her for them. She had said no, but Beverly cut in and used her own money to buy them for him.

If he didn't love Richie so much, if Beverly and Bill didn't love each other so much, and if he liked girls, he would've asked her to marry him.

The only thing she wanted in return was a flower crown, which was the reason why she, too, had a flower crown on her head.

He would fight the devil himself to keep these shoes clean.

He sees the looks of irritation and annoyance on his friends' faces. He understood their emotions. He's sure he was being irritating right now, but he was not going to walk through that dirty water for anything.

"Baby--"

"Don't 'baby' me, fucker," Eddie hisses challengingly. "I'm not going anywhere near that water!"

"Fuck," Richie groans under his breath before trudging through the water where Eddie was. He turns around in front of Eddie, slightly bending his knees. "Get on my back, Eddiekins."

Eddie hums, and he grabs Richie's shoulders to help pull himself up to mount Richie's back. His feet dangle in the air, and he puts his chin on Richie's shoulder. He presses his nose in Richie's hair, smelling the mango of the shampoo he uses.

“Hey, Eds?”

Eddie tenses, knowing that tone. “What?”

“Can I tell people that you ride me?”

“Fuck you!” Eddie shrieks in horror. He pinches Richie’s shoulders and kicks at his sides, though he holds on for dear life when Richie almost loses his grip on him. “I hate you!”

“You love me,” Richie teases with a small pinch to Eddie’s thigh.

Eddie rolls his eyes, “Never.”

“Do you guys want to come to my house and watch a movie? My mom rented the movie ‘Grease’,” Bill asks over Richie and Eddie’s bickering. He takes Beverly’s hand, leading her in the direction of his house.

The losers quickly chime in their interest, all agreeing to the plan. Stan offers to buy the popcorn, and Ben offers to go grab blankets from his house.

They are near the end of the plain field when Richie starts walking in another direction. Eddie huffs, “You’re going in the wrong direction, dumbass.”

“Don’t get your panties in a twist, Eds,” Richie easily waves off. Eddie rolls his eyes. He parts his lips to respond, but then he feels Richie’s hands on his ankles slightly tense up. The fact that Richie hasn’t said anything in the past five minutes has him worried and curious about what Richie was going to show him.

Eddie no longer sees the others when Richie finally stops. He bends his legs for Eddie to hop off, and Eddie watches Richie’s form. It’s tense and shy, as if he wanted to run and hide. Eddie weakly holds onto the bottom of Richie’s black Beatles shirt for stability he supposes.

Eddie forgets how to breathe as he waits. He croaks, “Richie, dammit, what is it?”

Richie spins around, his eyes wide and full of panic and terror. Eddie jumps back. His heart skips a beat when he sees a ring between Richie's fingers.

"I love you."

"Richie, what the fuck?" Eddie wasps out, eyes glued on the ring.

"No, wait, fuck-fuck! No, I'm not- I'm not asking that," Richie chokes with a weak laughter after.

Eddie's lungs finally allow in air.

"I just..." Richie says with tinted cheeks. "Fuck, Eddie, I've loved you since we were thirteen. You've had my eye since I first saw you. I can't imagine not being with you, not seeing your face.

"You're always there for me, even when my parents weren't. You let me stay in your room on nights that I felt really lonely and needing someone. I can always count on you," Richie tells him with vulnerability laced in his tone.

"I just want you to know that I'll always love you, and...that's what this ring is for," Richie explains with wide, horrified eyes.

Eddie stares in shock, unable to process the idea of Richie being so defenseless and sound so exposed.

Richie loves him. Richie 'trashmouth' Tozier loves him. His boyfriend for almost one year loves him.

The fear in Richie's eyes remind Eddie of when Richie had found his missing person poster. That was the first time he saw Richie so scared. Richie was always pulling jokes and saying something incredibly inappropriate. Watching Richie panic at the thought of going missing was new territory to Eddie, and he had stood there with his face in his hands in shock, not knowing what to do.

Now, he knows what to do when Richie is scared and need comfort. He knows he loves when Eddie runs his fingers through his hair. Richie had once ran over after a fight with his drunk mom, freaking out and ranting on about how he wishes he had a family who loved

him.

Eddie calmed him down, sitting down on his bed and pulling Richie to where he leaned back into him. He had shushed his distressed boyfriend, running his fingers through his brown, curly hair. When he sensed that Richie wasn't mad anymore, he had arranged them so he was leaning over him. He had pressed kisses all over his face, then placing kisses on his freckles.

He had felt overwhelmed with having the ability to calm his boyfriend down, but he found himself loving it. He did it every time Richie came to him, and he did it happily.

He was happy to do it and looking at Richie right now, he finds himself knowing that he would be happy to do it every day for the rest of his life.

"Eddie?"

Eddie looks up at the sound of his name, feeling uncomfortable that Richie said his actual name rather than a nickname. Richie was looking at him with fear and disappointment etched in his features, and Eddie couldn't hold in the four words any longer.

"I love you too."

Eddie presses his lips hard against Richie, using his hands to pull Richie's body against his. The kiss is deepened quick, both boys high on emotions. Eddie parts his lips when Richie runs his tongue along his bottom lip. He's pushed back against a nearby tree, and both boys laugh into each other's mouths. They exchange declarations of love for one another in whispers.

Eddie smiles when Richie takes his finger, sliding on the ring with ease. Eddie smiles wider as he watches Richie pull a ring out of his pocket and put it on his own finger.

"Shall we head to the court and change your last name to Tozier?"

"Shut up, Richie."

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Age: 16

Eddie rinses out his mouth and spits the liquids in the sink. He opens his mouth wide, inspecting his tongue at every possible angle he can manage.

The pink and purple barbells poke out farther from his tongue as he moves it around, and he is pleased to see no infection. He snorts at himself at the irony of him of all people getting an infection from a piercing. A doctor couldn't clean his piercing better than him.

It's been a long two weeks. It held a lot of arguments and bickering because Richie honestly believed he was going to die if he didn't get some tongue action. Eddie didn't tell Richie about the tongue piercing, so he had to make an excuse over excuse with why he couldn't French him.

*"I have strep throat."*

*"I'll take strep throat if it means kissing you."*

*"You know how I feel about bacteria."*

*"Baby, after all we've done, I doubt you care about my bacteria."*

It only left messy handjobs and grinding between the two of them. It wouldn't have been so bad, if he didn't have the most touchy boyfriend in the whole damn world.

*"Are you having an affair? 'Cause honestly I'd take you having an affair over you not touching me."*

*"Seriously?"*

*"Fuck no, Eds, I'm just frustrated. I just want to kiss my boyfriend! That's not too much to ask!"*

*"I am kissing you!"*

*"I want my boyfriend's tongue in my mouth, dammit."*

A quiet kick makes Eddie remember Beverly, who was sitting with a lollipop between her lips on the bathtub counter. She was trying to quit smoking, and lollipops were the alternative. She was wearing a beautiful green dress with flowers splattered all over it. Her slippers are green as well, and she bounces them on the plastic walls. Her red hair was much longer than how it was when they met – it touching her shoulders now. Her rebellious act against her father had her cutting her hair periodically, but she was slowly edging herself to growing it out. Bill loved her hair in any which way, and Eddie knew she could shave her head, and he wouldn't care.

Eddie looks at his own hair, and he smiles at the small curls forming at the ends. He supposes it was his own rebellious act to his mother, who worked every day telling him that he was fragile, and that he needed to keep himself clean.

He still had his antics, occasionally refusing to do something like run in the mud or hug someone in the group who was sick – besides Richie. He still sometimes gets uncomfortable because his mother had told him about bacteria. He knows how much bacteria are on everything, and sometimes it causes his lungs to close up. Richie would come running over with his spare inhaler. He had told Richie a million times he doesn't need it anymore, but the taller boy won't listen.

"Richie is going to love it, Eddie," Beverly tells him from her spot on the tub.

Eddie's face goes beet red at the suggestive look Beverly was giving him.

Yes, he knows about what people do with a tongue piercing. He's done so much research on the damn thing that he nearly passed out. It hadn't been the first thing he thought of when he picked a tongue piercing out of all the other piercings. A tongue piercing, he can hide. It's only his own bacteria that will touch it, and he liked that aspect even more.

So, imagine his face when he reads the first comment on tongue piercings, and it said how tongue piercings make blowjobs feel impossibly incredible. His face had gone nearly as red as Beverly's hair.

“We made a deal. I fall in love with him, I get a piercing,” Eddie reminds her.

“With a trip downtown, I’m sure Richie would probably forgive you,” Beverly says with a smirk.

“Oh my God, I am not talking to you about this,” Eddie groans. “I’m not asking what you and Bill do!”

“And I’m not withholding information from you! Ask away!” Beverly laughs. She graciously hops off the counter, strolling over and grabbing her red chapstick from one of the drawers. She applies it to Eddie’s lips. Eddie liked it. It was as close to lipstick he was going to dare to get.

The white stick from the lollipop swirls around between Beverly’s lips. Between that and the concentrated expression on her face, it was a hilarious sight. She scolds him when he laughs as she works.

She clasps the lid back onto the chapstick. “I say just go in there and go for it,” she suggests.

Eddie scoffs, straightening his shorts and shirt, “You know how excited he’s been for this weekend? He’s been yapping about playing videogames with Stan and Bill since last Friday.”

She rolls her eyes, looking at herself in the mirror and applying more lipstick. “Yeah cause a mouthful of you is so going to annoy him. Tell me again how many arguments have you guys had over not swapping saliva?”

Eddie squinches his face up at the word ‘saliva’, but he doesn’t say anything. Dread and embarrassment boils in the pit of his stomach at the idea of going in that room and making out with Richie in front of the others. It doesn’t sit right him, but he knows it’s silly. Nearly every movie night includes the others intensely watching some movie while him and Richie are in the corner of the couch kissing heavily. One time, Richie had snuck a hand under Eddie’s shorts. Eddie was beyond lucky the group had screamed at a scary scene simultaneously when Eddie gave a surprised yelp.



Adrenaline rushes into his system, battling with the embarrassment rooted in Eddie's chest and stomach. God, Richie had whispered the nastiest things that night, urging him on to release. Richie had tauntingly whispered in his ear about how he needs to be quiet, so the others don't figure out what they're doing. That had brought shivers having down his spine. In the back of his mind, he knew Richie wouldn't actually let anyone see what they're doing. Richie had been lying in front of him with his head nestled on Eddie's head with a blanket covering them. From afar, it just looked like they were just taking a nap or something.

Richie brought out the shred of carefree, relaxed, rebellious state deep inside of Eddie. The state that was covered with layers of disgust of disease and need for cleanliness, that his mother had set up. Richie took that shred and tugged hard, pulling it out into the open when they were together and making Eddie want more.

Richie wasn't the only one who had been sexually frustrated these past two weeks.

Eddie subconsciously fumbles with the ring on his finger.

His heart is pounding, and his mind is fogging up as he leaves the bathroom and makes his way to Bill's room. He storms into the room, walking directly to Richie. Richie barely glances at him, too caught up into the TV screen. Plus, they had argued all the way here, so they weren't on the best of terms.

Richie gives out a shout of surprise when Eddie plants himself on the lap of the unsuspecting male. Eddie pushes Richie onto his back, who lets out an 'oof'. Eddie can hear the faint sound of the game being set on pause.

Richie peers up at him with shocked, wide eyes. It was humorous with his glasses making his eyes already look so big. Richie wraps his hands around Eddie's legs. "Eds-"

"For once in your life, shut up," Eddie huffs before leaning down to crash their lips together.

Eddie deepens the kiss almost instantly, but he falters in his swift

moves. He feels his nerves skyrocket as he parts his lips. His lungs close up when Richie eagerly kisses back. Eddie freezes when he feels Richie's tongue against his. It's a weird sensation to have someone else touching his piercing.

Richie's form tenses up, and his fingernails dig in Eddie's legs.

Richie breaks the kiss, gazing up at Eddie with shock and pure awe swimming in his eyes and red cheeks and lips. His breath hits Eddie's face, and his pupils have grown twice in size. Eddie knows that look. He squirms under the stare, and he bites his lip when his knee touches something hard.

"I suggest everyone in this room get out because you're about to see and hear things you have never before."

"It's m-my ro-ro-room," Bill argues.

Bill's words reach deaf ears. Eddie yelps as they are flipped, and he finds himself being surrounded by all Richie. He looks up to watch Richie remove his shirt – another Pink Floyd might he add.

By the time Richie is biting hickeys on the soft skin of Eddie's neck, the room is empty with a slam of the door.

It's when Richie makes noises he never knew he could even make, the entire house is empty.

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Age: 17

Eddie's toes curl in the pink blanket.

Heat surges through his body in waves, and he tries to catch his breath. He digs his blunt nails into skin, and a low hiss responds to it. Lips and teeth bite at his neck in vengeance. He whimpers at the assault, tilting his head nonetheless.

The lips on his neck is the only thing keeping him afloat. He's long-

gone lost his control over his body, to which he gave that control over to the boy above him. He's stopped caring about what falls out of his mouth, but he's pretty sure Richie's name was the only thing that his pleasure-induced mind was able to comprehend. He doesn't even know where he was, but it wasn't important to him.

What was important was Richie. Richie 'trashmouth' Tozier was the only thing that mattered. The way he was touching him, how fast he went, how deep he got, how fucking crucial it was for him to keep touching him.

"So fucking pretty, Eds," Richie moans into the smaller male's neck. "So amazing."

Eddie pines at the words, feeling himself get pulled back into reality. The way Richie was touching him, making him feel was so new. This was all new and full of first times. He couldn't imagine doing anything like this, being touched by anyone else.

Heat and bliss coil in his belly, and he knows it'll only take one thing for him to reach his release. He slowly moves one hand down from Richie's back, but it's quickly taken and pushed down on the back beside him. Eddie whines, "Please, Richie."

"Almost there, Eds," Richie groans. His movements turn sporadic, craving to reach that line.

"You know I hate it when you fucking call me that," Eddie hisses under his breath. Pleasure rushes through his body, setting his skin on fire. He fights harder against Richie's grip, but it's no use. "Richie, if you don't touch me right now, I swear I'll kill you."

"Technically, I am touching you. Also, keep the threats up. It's getting me there, Eddiekins."

"Fu-fuck you," Eddie groans, arching his back when Richie hits a certain spot inside him. "Richie, goddamit!"

Finally, Richie lets his hand free and reaches down and wraps his hand around Eddie. One jerk was all it takes for Eddie to reach his release. The pleasure shook through his body like an earthquake, and

he moans Richie's name high and loud into the room.

Richie's hips buckle twice more before he reaches his own, moaning not nearly as loud Eddie, but still moaning the other boy's name. He's careful not to fall on Eddie's frame, quickly falling on the side of him.

The room is silent except for their breathing, as they slowly get off their high.

"Marry me."

Eddie's body is far too relaxed to totally freeze up, but his breath sputters. "What?"

Richie chuckles, moving up to kiss Eddie's cheek. "You are so marrying me, Eddie spaghetti. You're going to marry my crazy ass, and we're going to be so fucking happy."

A lazy smile grows on Eddie's lips, and he shivers at the way Richie was looking at him. Richie looks so damn determined, and Eddie imagines a life with Richie. Nothing could make him happier.